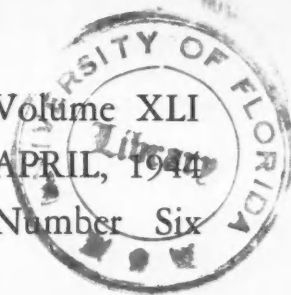


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The
**Cornell
Countryman**

Volume XLI
APRIL, 1944
Number Six



Baker Lab. Breaks Into The Skyline
Courtesy of Cornell Alumni News

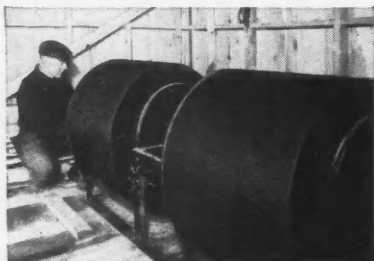


He makes hay while the sun doesn't shine

"My electrically driven haydrier takes about all the weather hazards out of haymaking," says R. G. Williams, owner of a 600-acre farm near Wytheville, Virginia, "because I can now cut hay *between* showers.

"I field-dry the hay about 5 hours—then put it right into the mow and turn on the electric blower. In 10 days to 2 weeks my hay is *perfectly cured*—a nice green color—rich in vitamins and proteins—and no leaves lost.

"My haydrier *paid for itself the first season*—in better hay and reduced spoilage!"



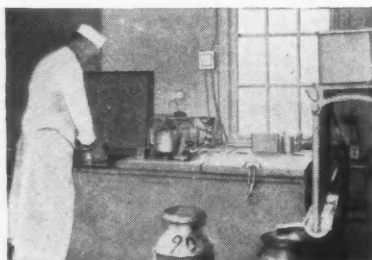
"THIS MOTOR-DRIVEN BLOWER forces air through the hay at the rate of 10 cubic feet of air per square foot of mow area. At 1½¢ per kwh for electricity, the power cost is only about \$1.00 per ton of hay—a mighty small sum to pay for improved quality hay and the elimination of the usual loss in field-curing."



"SEE HOW THE HAY PACKS DOWN when it is barn-dried. This nearly *doubles* the capacity of my hay mow. Air from the electrically driven blower is distributed through the wood ducts on the mow floor. This hay is worth \$10.00 more a ton. I don't sell hay—but I get that in more and richer milk from my dairy herd."



"HERE'S A HANDY GADGET that I built in my farm workshop. It's a home-made weather indicator, electrically connected to the weather vane on the roof. It tells me the wind direction and how fast the wind is blowing. I find it very useful in checking *weather conditions* before I spray the orchard."



"I USE ELECTRICITY IN LOTS OF WAYS on my farm. My Westinghouse electric milk cooler keeps the milk at just the right temperature—in every kind of weather. I also use electricity for pumping and heating water, for sterilizing milk utensils, and for spraying one of my 35-acre orchards. Incidentally, I use my 7½ and 10 horsepower portable electric motors to drive the haydrier blower, spray pump, and cold-storage compressor."

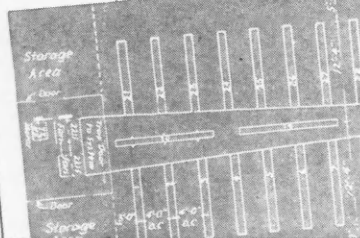
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The Cornell Countryman

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So You Don't Want to Farm!

A HIGH SCHOOL graduate said to his chum, "Why should I go to the College of Agriculture? I don't want to be a farmer. Besides the war will get me before I have a chance to finish a college course, anyway."

The friend, who plans to enter the College of Agriculture next fall after the food-producing season is over and the crops are in, tried to explain that the teachings of the College are not confined to farming. But, as they say, he "didn't know the half of it!"

He could have told of many civil service positions, both State and Federal, open to those who have a degree from an agricultural College, especially if the degree holder has been trained in agricultural economics, or in any of the courses that relate to various businesses connected with agriculture.

Extend Yourself

The extension services, connected with the comparatively new occupation of making the College campus extend its knowledge to the borders of the state, offers many positions.

Courses in agriculture engineering lead to positions with firms that manufacture or deal in farm machinery or equipment. Classes that teach agricultural journalism have led many young men and women into high positions in editorial, reportorial, and advertising fields. Students of bacteriology have found careers in connection with dairy industry, hospitals, and other places where this knowledge is indispensable.

And speaking of dairy industry there are, especially in New York State, not only the opportunities in dairy farming but also in the vast field of manufacturing and marketing milk products, such as ice cream, butter, cheese, dried milk, condensed, and evaporated milk and the whole new realm of caseine products.

Lots of Others

More than a dozen other departments and courses offered at New York's State College of Agriculture can be relied on to fit able and industrious young men and women for at least three times as many profitable and satisfying careers.

Of course, during these war years, the normal currents of life do not run in their regular channels. Nevertheless it is wise for young folks to plan their education. Youths below the draft age may well put in a year or even a term at College; if the armed forces take them, they will be more inclined, when they come back, to continue the program upon which they have started, than to start collegiate study from the beginning.

At least it will pay to investigate what your State Colleges have to offer at the beginning of the next fall term.

Address inquiries to the

**Director of Admissions
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York**



Notes on Prices

Prices are, as Professor F. A. Pearson of the Agricultural Economics Department suggests, like a thermometer. They show changes in the supply of and the demand for commodities and money at particular time.

It is interesting to note that farm products whose prices rose most sharply during the first World War, are the same products whose prices have risen most sharply during the present war. This is true for prices in general and also for prices of individual commodities . . . beans, wheat, potatoes, rye, barley, wool and cotton. Some other products whose prices rose the least in World War I also rose the least in World War II. However there are products whose prices rose slightly in the former war, but at this time have increased markedly from the pre-war level . . . corn, hogs, oats, cattle, and apples. The reason for similiarity in price rises in both wars is the fact that the prices of some commodities are almost equally sensitive to the factors that push prices up.

These factors which tend to increase prices during great wars are, first, greater demand for commodities. This is the cause of competition between the government and civilians for goods and services. Secondly, the value of commodities becomes relatively greater in the minds of folks than the money in their pockets . . . and a great many of these folks have more to jingle in their pockets than they did before the war. There is also the problem of keeping production at a high level while manpower is directed to other activities.

We have an idea, obtained from experiences in the last war, of what we may expect. We cannot predict accurately what the future may be, but neither can we look on from behind a raised eyebrow.

Marjorie Lee Fine

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This isn't the Corn belt . . . but

I never saw a purple cow,

I never hope to see one,

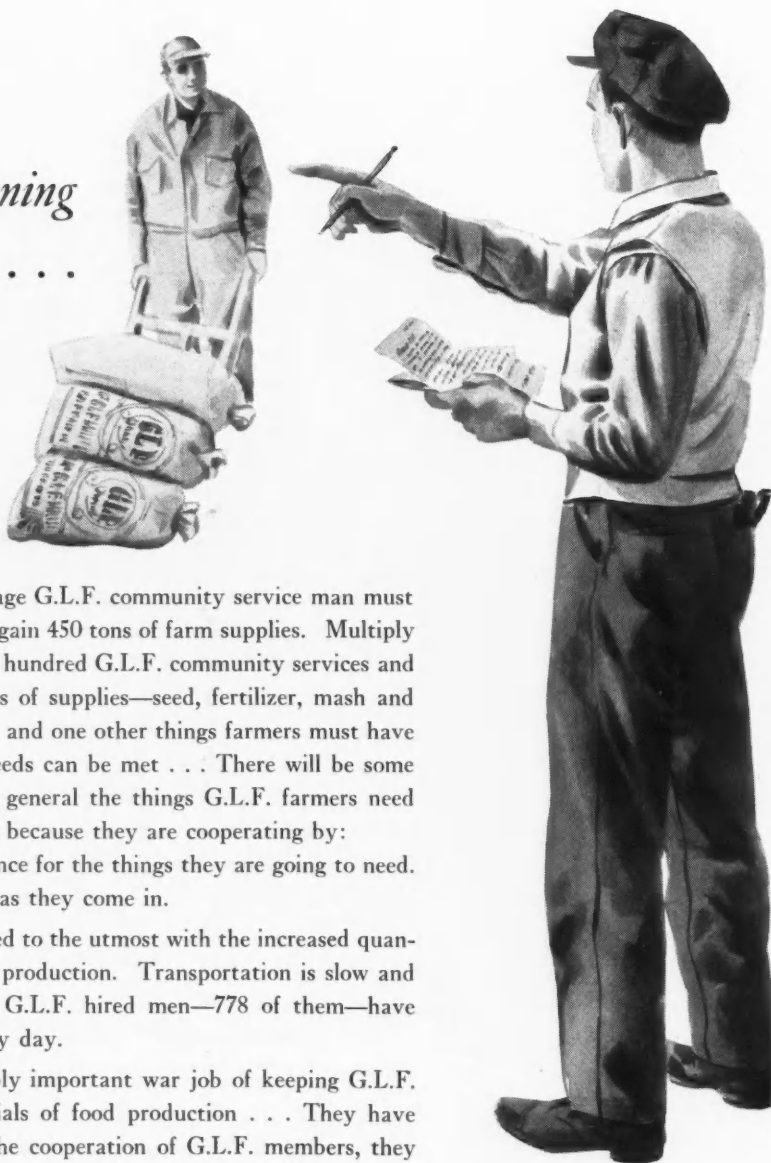
But I can tell you anyhow . . .

I'd rather see than feed one.

(Deep apologies to Gelette Burgess)

Moving 450 Tons of Farm Supplies...

*... takes Planning
as well as Lifting ...*




IN THE next three months the average G.L.F. community service man must unload, lift, pile, take down, and load again 450 tons of farm supplies. Multiply this by the manpower in more than six hundred G.L.F. community services and you get hundreds of thousands of tons of supplies—seed, fertilizer, mash and dairy feed, barbed wire, and a hundred and one other things farmers must have during the spring season . . . These needs can be met . . . There will be some substitutions and some delays, but in general the things G.L.F. farmers need can be obtained and delivered on time because they are cooperating by:

- 1—Placing definite orders in advance for the things they are going to need.
- 2—Taking these supplies as soon as they come in.

Warehouse facilities today are taxed to the utmost with the increased quantities of farm supplies needed for food production. Transportation is slow and uncertain. Many of the experienced G.L.F. hired men—778 of them—have gone to war, and more are going every day.

Those that remain have the doubly important war job of keeping G.L.F. farmers supplied with the raw materials of food production . . . They have pledged themselves to do so. With the cooperation of G.L.F. members, they can and will keep that pledge.

Cooperative G.L.F. Exchange Inc.  Ithaca, N. Y.

Cornell Countryman

A Journal of Country Life - Plant, Animal, Human

Vol. XLI

Ithaca, New York, April, 1944

Number 6

Catherine The Great

By Al Schwartz '47

THE Cornell dairy herd boasts many fine cows, but none can compare with Cornell Ollie Catherine, the queen of them all. It was back on a cold December 25, in 1930 that Catherine Colantha Pontiac Lass produced the calf who was later to become an all-American and grand champion. Catherine was the result of the combination of the best characteristics of each parent, because she

the highest Holstein production record in New York State with 29,333 pounds of milk and 1,152 pounds of fat.

Besides being an excellent producer of high quality milk, Catherine very nearly approaches perfection as an example of the individual cow which typifies the Holstein breed. As proof of her excellent body conformation, she has won several prizes and titles.

Over a five year period she had a record of production of 119,161 pounds of milk with 4,413 pounds of fat.

She is not only an outstanding cow in her own right, but she has produced several fine offspring. Cornell Royal Blend, a son of hers (by a son of Cornell Ollie Pride, her illustrious sister) was the senior herd sire at Cornell for several years. Another son is now being used at Cornell. A few



has proved to be a far superior individual than either her sire, Pieterje Ormsby Mercedes Ollie, or her dam. She wasted no time in proving her worth, and in her first lactation (as a two year old) she produced better than 20,000 pounds of milk and over 725 pounds of fat. Proving that she wasn't a mere "flash in the pan", the following year she bettered her previous mark by more than 1500 pounds.

For two more years she continued with her excellent performances at the pail, but in her sixth year an accident occurred in which she broke a leg with the resulting announcement by veterinarians that she would never walk again. Catherine however, thought differently, and not only did she recover, but that year she made

In 1934 she was declared reserve all-American Three-year-old, and in 1937 Reserve all-American Aged Cow. In 1938 in addition to being called the all-American Aged Cow she was grand champion at the National Dairy Show.

She now was growing older and far beyond the average age of a milking cow, but still she kept up her high production with little change in effectiveness, although she began to lose some of the shapeliness of her body. Milking for the most part as a twelve year old, in her last lactation period she produced 26,630 pounds of milk with 1024 pounds of fat. Due to this remarkable performance she became the only all-American show ring winner having two 1000 pound fat records.

of her daughters are in the herd, and one, Cornell Ormsby Cathleen, as a three year old produced more than 20,000 pounds of milk with 761 pounds of fat . . . truly a promising start.

For thirteen years now, Cornell Ollie Catherine has served in the Cornell herd. Her record is an enviable one, and her accomplishments are many. A large majority of the cows in the herd can either trace their parentage directly to her or to one of her sons or daughters. As Catherine grew and developed, so has the Cornell herd grown and developed. It can truly be said that to this cow, model Holstein and fine lady that she is, both the herd and the dairy industry in general, owe a note of thanks for what she has done for the improvement of the breed.

Sugar Maker

By Alice Latimer '46

TAPPING TREES
BOILING SYRUP—
THE SUGAR-MAKING
JOY OF SPRING

O H—oh—hum, was that Aunt Mary calling me? No, I think it's much too early. I wish that sunbeam wouldn't keep hitting me in the eye."

I snuggle down deeper in the blankets and cover my head. It's too late, I'm awake now. And in a flash I remember—it's Saturday morning, the trees are tapped, sap will be boiling, Dad will be gathering—away go the covers and in a bound I'm on the floor, in another jump I'm at the window.

A ray of sunlight is slipping boldly through a soft gray mantle of clouds. A light blanket of snow is gently caressing every object, soft, fluffy, snow, "sugar snow" as old time sugar-makers call it.

In no time at all I'm ready for everything and stand on the porch with my dog, Spotty, sniffing the morning. It is a real fairyland in pantomime; white, black, and dusky grays. A finger of glistening white trails each curve and tiniest twig. Spot and I jump off the porch and hurry to the sugar house. The snow feels velvety under-foot. A newly arrived song sparrow is back in his familiar lilac bush, his throat fairly bursting with notes of joy bubbling forth. I greet a phoebe on the fence, his tail jerking ridiculously every time he utters his humble phe-be. The saphouse looks grayish-black and swarthy against the snowy background. Thick white steam rolls out the window and sneaks in thin, little hairs through the cracks.

I open the door and step inside to be enveloped in a heavy fog. There is the fragrant smell of boiling sap and wood smoke. The evaporator, occupying the center of the building, is divided into several pans in which the sap is boiling industriously. Fresh sap from the vat or storage tank is strained into the front pan. Here the sap boils clear, white, and foamy and in the last pan, thick and golden brown. It is a pleasant task to sample the syrup in this pan to see how nearly done it is. Actually it is not as simple as this. It is an art to keep the syrup from burning, to prevent its getting too low in the pan, and to draw



Tapping the Tree

it off at the proper time. Next I carefully open the door of the firebox and quickly thrust long pine sticks into the redhot, blazing interior. Steamy and pleasant as it is inside, the outdoors is enticing. I envy Spotty, who is racing madly about, but instead walk stately around inspecting the nearby sap buckets, breaking off icicles of frozen sap from the spiles, and eating them. The sun is now becoming effective and the sap is slowly beginning to run, banging merrily away on the bottom of the bucket. It

will drip faster and faster until it is fairly running.

Sitting in the snow on an apple tree branch is a robin noisily griping about the weather and conditions in general. Not at all agreeing with his attitude or what he is saying I turned to the bluebird who is serenading his mistress spring. At last after working up an efficient appetite and checking on everything in the saphouse, I return to the house for a breakfast of hot pancakes, such as only mothers can make, with newly made syrup. But I mustn't

forget to gather a panful of snow while it is fresh and clean so that I may have the most perfect treat of all, wax on snow.

By mid-morning Dad is ready to begin gathering sap. It is such good sap weather that even by now the buckets are dangerously near to overflowing. Dad hitches the horses to the old-fashioned gathering-tub that Grandpa made years ago. It looks somewhat like an inverted pail placed on a sled. Sap is poured in at the top and later drawn off through a faucet at the bottom.

By now the sun has melted most of the snow leaving only that which is in the woods. The horses draw the sled easily through the mud of the fields, over rough wagon roads, in and out among the trees. By now they have learned the regular route and wait patiently while we gather the sap. I scurry from tree to tree trying to capture as many as possible before Dad. Yet I must be careful in lifting the buckets from the hooks, transferring the sap to the pail, and then to the

tub, spilling as little as possible. One must be careful in the woods, too, for frost is coming out of the ground and one can break through at the most inconvenient times. The woods already smell of spring. The gathering tub, homely and weatherbeaten, blends perfectly into the scene, and I think how out of place it would look were it freshly painted a brilliant red or green. At last the tub is full, and the horses head impatiently toward the house. The sap sloshes and splashes noisily. It churns so much one would hardly be surprised at finding maple butter. At the saphouse it is transferred to the storage tank ready for boiling down.

In the afternoon I find numerous tasks to do; gathering sap from nearby trees, going on more long trips, acting as fire tender, picking up and stacking wood, and helping "sugar-off". I am still not ready to stop and so spend the twilight hours in the saphouse supervising and chatting with the person tending the boiling syrup, or else I curl up on the stack of wood like a squirrel, reading a book by the

light of the lantern hung on a nail.

Finally I climb down from my cozy perch and reluctantly go to the house. The stars are bright and clear, and the air is sweetly tinged with the aromatic smell of wood smoke and the honeyed scent of boiling sap. Bright sparks shoot out of the chimney and glow in the darkness. Wisps of steam float out of the windows and disappear into the night. I strain my ears to hear the first croaking of frogs from the nearby swamp. It is too early, but soon they will come in full force and will sound like heavy lumber wagons rolling over a wooden bridge. There will be the high clear piping of the first peeper, and more and more voices will spring out of the darkness until a full chorus is under way. Then surely spring will be here. It reminds me of when I was small and I was told I could go barefoot after the peepers had been frozen down three times. But now after a full day's work and fun I am ready for bed and dreams of the sugar-meeting joy of spring.

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What Am I Bid ?

By Durland R. Weale '44

MOST farmers in New York State have some extra livestock or various pieces of equipment that some one else might be able to use. Then why not bring them to the community auction?

During the past four years many of these auctions have started up about the state. On January 1, 1940 the Tioga Valley Sales began operation near Lindley, New York, issuing shares of stock at \$5.00 apiece to anyone interested. Soon the necessary number of shares was sold and construction proceeded. An abandoned tobacco shed was rented and remodeled into the sales stable.

The original stable consisted of a small ring, into which the animal to be sold was driven, with bleachers for buyers on either side. The auctioneer and his clerk had a little stand at one end. At the other end were four large and two small cattle pens and a loading platform. Since this early plan the ring has been remodeled and enlarged, and two additional buildings erected with a set of scales installed in one.

The trustees were fortunate in employing a good auctioneer. "Tex", as the patrons know him, is from Nebraska. He owns two farms there and is a cattle man from the beginning.

Can Sell Anything

Farmers are at liberty to bring anything they want to sell. Livestock, namely calves, heifers, cows, bulls, pigs, sheep, and horses, make up the larger part of the sales. Articles such as farm tools, household goods, potatoes, rope, grains, cordwood, paint, cabbage, coal, and even a farm truck are among the many other things sold.

The buyer is anyone who has money to spend. Each week several buyers from various slaughter houses come to buy their next Monday's quota of meat. Frequently a farmer spots a good looking heifer to add to the herd, perhaps Mr. Burke buys a set of tractor plows brought in by a retiring farmer.

What's It Like?

Especially to those who have never attended one, a Friday at the sale is interesting. Consignors start coming early in the morning. The rush be-

gins between 11 and 12 o'clock and continues until the sale starts. Each consignor registers his animals, after which they are tagged through the ear with a number and weighed. Each owner receives a list with the numbers and weights of his entries and a duplicate is sent to the sales office. The animals are then put in pens with others of the same kind and size, and await their turn in the sales ring.

About 2 o'clock the sales get under way. A little red and white bob calf that weighs 80 lbs. is first. Tex starts it off at \$7 (that is \$7.00 a hundred-weight). Clem bids \$7.25, Lefty bids \$7.50, Kit bids \$7.75, Leo bids \$8.00, Kit nods \$8.25 and gets it struck off to him. Kit will take it home and veal it on a three-teater. In four or five weeks he will bring it back, resell it and make some money.

And so it goes until the thirty-five or forty calves are sold. Most of them are bought by dealers who truck them to slaughter houses. Yearling and two year old heifers are next on the program. Not many are at hand except in the fall when a farmer finds he doesn't have enough room or feed to keep all the young stock.

Usually there are not more than a half-dozen pigs and sheep so they are put through the ring after the young stock. At present the O.P.A. has a ceiling price on pigs and the auctioneer allots them among the buyers as fairly as he can.

BEEF cattle make up a good portion of the sale. With the area mainly a dairy section many farmers enter their cull cows in this class. Three-teaters, cows with minor defects, culls, old cows and the like are brought in and sold to slaughterhouse buyers. Some of these discarded cows give good beef cuts especially if they are not thin. Those that lack finish for good beef are sold for baloney.

The bulls are included in the beef classes. Most of the larger ones brought in are too bulky for service or have a disagreeable disposition. It is not uncommon to get \$200 or more for a good sized bull, depending on his weight and appearance of quality meat cuts.

The auctioneer chants on until all cattle are sold. Then the crowd goes

outside and forms a circle. Any other articles brought in are sold at this time to the highest bidders. Immediately after the sale everyone rushes to the office to pay or get paid. Nothing can be removed until it has been paid for.

A 4 per cent commission is deducted from the consignor's receipts to pay the auctioneer and other operating expenses. In other words the fellow who has his merchandise sold pays for the selling. If a sale is not made, the consignor is charged a half fee, or 2 per cent of his bid.

Should a consignor think he's not getting enough he raises the bid just as though he were buying. If he gets the parcel struck off to him, the clerk enters it in the books as though a sale has been made. When the list is checked in the office, the consignors slip and buyer's slip cancel.

What About Infectious Disease?

So far disease troubles have been kept at a minimum. The stock are kept in pens that are cleaned each week, aired, and spread with fresh sawdust or shavings. Occasionally lime and creolin are used for additional protection.

These measures may not wholly prevent infectious diseases. This was brought out when a group of six Chester White pigs were brought in last October. They did not appear sick at sale time, though it was noticed that they showed weak condition and drooping ears and tail when they were loaded after the sale. It was afterward learned that all of the pigs died of hog cholera.

How's It Working?

At first farmers were slow to cooperate. They were afraid something was to be "put over" on them. They also had the excuse that their time was too valuable to watch what they brought. But when the cold or rainy days came, Mr. Farmer edged his way in to learn what it was all about. Today many farmers bring their salable stock and other articles in the morning, if they are busy, and then come around at night or the next morning for the check. It is not uncommon to hear from a farmer, "More than I expected."

The Thunderstorm

By Betsy A. Kandiko '44

I STOPPED abruptly at the edge of the wood, out of breath and stiff from looking over my shoulder for the nothing that I knew was there. I wanted to dash headlong through the trees and down the trail to home, but my feet would not move into that lurking greyness. The darkness of night I did not mind, though no star was out to tell whether the path was wrapped in the shadows of the trees or in the emptiness of the sky, but this was not night. Night was deep and soft, not hard and tense with grey foreboding.

Nothing in the forest was hid; every leaf stood out in a bold cut-glass design against the unmoving branches. Not a twig stirred. Even the poplars that rustle when no wind blows were silent. Were they real? Or had all the green, living world changed to brittle glass?

I wanted to tear a leaf from the maple tree overhanging the path, but I could not move. I had to stand and wait, as the trees were waiting, as the grass, as every living thing was waiting—starkly outlined in the hard yellow light streaming unnaturally from the sky. It did not arise in the west where the sun had disappeared an hour ago; it shone from the entire sky, a pale yellow fire glowing through the translucent greyness, shedding a dull metallic gleam on the trees and grass.

In this sultry, waiting world I crouched, afraid to go back over the plain, where each footstep crackled in the rigid grass, where I was the only moving thing to attract the anger sparking in the sky, and afraid to go ahead into the forest, where the gloom hid all things that daylight would not receive. My footsteps on the dry leaves would betray me, and center the might of the glaring heavens upon me. Better to wait as the trees and grass waited, rigid, tense, but ready to bow when the god of sun and rain was angry.

Behind me a restless stormy-black cloud moved relentlessly forward, gathering into its darkness the stray bits of vapor that were in its path. The silence was so hard that when I moved my foot in the cropped dry grass, it snapped with a harsh staccato in the yellow air. I did not want to be a part of the eerie setting, but I could not move. Dully I turned and stared at the black cloud moving awesomely overhead. I prayed for the thunder, for the lightning, for anything that would break the dead, glaring tensi-



THERE was only a faint, dull echo at first, but it was real. It would end the aching quiet. Then came a heavy rumble, rolling from the skies down over the hills. The light grew more intense, although it was not brighter; it was a thick, sultry vapor that threw the trees and shrubs into stark outline, but left no shadows. I waited for the lightning that I knew was an inexorable part of the angry sky. It darted through a quick jagged opening in the darkness of the cloud, a minute hint of the fire ranging in the sky. Would not the living world burst into flames? I was so taut that I shivered and could not stop when I heard the crash and crack and smash of the bolt. I knew, although I could

not move a muscle to turn and see, that it had been meant for me. A tree was burning in the forest from that fiery ball, a scarred, gashed tree that had half of its bark split off as cleanly as a boy strips a willow twig for a whistle. The rain, which would follow in a moment, would put out the flames, but the tree would be left a gaunt, twisted, branchless stub.

I heard the rain when it was only a soft swish, like the wind in a marsh of summer rushes. Then it was a light pattering on the leaves and crisp grass. When I felt it, it was a wild, stunning smash of wind and water. It hurled the branches of the trees back against the trunk, and tore the leaves in limp, wet handfuls from the stems. The trees that had stood so rigid before were now bowed backward in deep, humble arcs. Like them, I too, bowed before the rain, crouching under the slanting, stinging spears of water. I did not see the lightning that flashed through the streaming sky, but I heard the rumbling boom of the thunder that followed and felt the earth tremble when the bolt crashed into it. The rain was so swift and heavy that I was too dazed to think what would happen if the next bolt did not miss me. When it crashed a mile away, I felt no relief; everything was vague, dulled. It was a long time before I realized that the rain had slackened and the furious pelting on my shoulders was a high wind driving the rain in erratic furries.

I stood up, balancing against the force of the wind, and dimly noted that the thunder was again only a rumble, and the lightning merely blinking dots and dashes. The sky was again grey, but now it was a soft, night-time grey. The rain had put out the fire in the sky and had melted the hardness in the leaves and grass, leaving them freshly green and dripping wet. The woods were friendly again—the thunderstorm was over.

Campus Countryman

John Goheen Speaks

John Goheen, a graduate student majoring in Sociology, and a native of India recently spoke to the Cornell Vegetable Crops Club. Mr. Goheen will return to India after he completes his studies here. There he will head the Allahabad Agriculture Institute.

Mr. Goheen explained farming as it is today in India and expressed what he hopes it will be tomorrow. At the present time, modern methods of agriculture are in their infancy in India and there is much room for progress. Ancient methods of agriculture employed are used because of the low standard of living of the people. He stated that India does not need food after the war but rather leaders and people trained in agriculture to assist in developing India. More research, more education of the people as to kinds of good that are the most beneficial to health, more and better seed produced and many other phases of work are needed to build up agriculture education. A main idea carried throughout his speech is that there will be ample opportunity for trained agriculturists in the postwar reconstruction in India.

Members of the vegetable crops club and faculty were present. Refreshments served by the president of the club, Germaine Seelye, and Miss VanGildereren and Charles Van Midden were enjoyed by all. This was an opportunity for new students to meet older members and the faculty.

Moving Picture Films Sent to Australia

The New York State College of Agriculture has recently prepared five "how-to-do-it" moving picture films on farming to be used here and also to be shown to the Australian farmers as requested by the commonwealth government.

Professor Elmer S. Phillips of Cornell did the color photography in these films. Arrangements for the loan of these films may be addressed to Professor Phillips of Cornell or J. U. Gar-side, Acting Trade Commissioner, Commonwealth of Australia, New York City.

One of these films is concerned with the production of canning factory peas; and another is on the buckrake. The others portray the harvesting of beets, the harvesting of potatoes, and the methods used in growing transplants for the home garden . . . Our Agriculture goes to Australia.



Robert Chung Jen Koo '44

From "far across the waters" to Cornell, comes Robert Chung Jen Koo, a native of Shanghai, China. Bob Koo is an undergraduate student enrolled in the College of Agriculture at Cornell. His major interests lie in the field of Pomology.

Robert Koo completed six years of grammar school and six years of high school in Chinese preparatory schools. Since it was nearly as difficult to enter an agricultural school in West China (there were no agriculture colleges in Shanghai) as it was to enter one in America, he chose to complete his schooling in America. He entered the University of Tennessee and studied there in the College of Agriculture for his first two years of undergraduate work. While studying at the University of Tennessee, he lived and worked on a farm, there gaining practical experience. He hopes to become acquainted with people and places in various parts of the United States. Trying to get a broader outlook, he spent last summer at Louisiana State College doing research work on sweet potatoes at the experimental station. After graduating this June, he plans to do graduate work in Pomology and visit a few more places in the United States.

Agriculture methods in China are very intensive subsistence methods, used to get the most that is possible out of each area. The production per acre there is similar to that in the United States; but they do it with less machinery and more labor. The Chinese people hope to reduce the farm population after the war and introduce more modern extensive meth-

ods of farming.

The principal crops grown there are rice, wheat, millet, barley, and corn. Very little work has been done in China with Pomology and less still with vegetable crops. There is room for vast progress in these fields. After finishing his graduate work, Robert Koo intends to return to China and try to promote fruit culture.

Of the three universities he attended, Cornell seemed the most Cosmopolitan. In the University of Tennessee, there were no students from other countries living on the campus; but it was there that he really learned to speak English. While attending the University of Tennessee, he was active in the Student Christian movement and in the International Relationship Club. Here at Cornell, he has been active in the Cosmopolitan Club; and was recently elected president of the Cornell Chinese student club.

Robert isn't the first of his family to attend school in America. One of his three sisters graduated from the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, Md., and is now teaching music in China. Robert's father is secretary of the World Student Christian Federation in China.

4-H Club Elects Officers

"I pledge my head to clearer thinking, my heart to greater loyalty, my hands to larger service and my health to better living for my club, my community and my country" was repeated as the 4-H club pledge at a recent meeting of the 4-H club of Cornell University.

The following members were elected to office of the combined 4-H and Extension Club:

President, Edmund Kaegebin
Vice-president, Adelaide Kennedy
Secretary, Dewey Weale
Treasurer, Walter Boek
Publicity sec'y., Virginia Ferri

They are busily planning a party for 4-H members and friends to be held March 25th in the Plant Science Seminar. Several students active in this club last year are now doing Extension work in various counties: Margaret Smith, James Veeder, Lucian Freeman, Louise Mullen who is in Vermont, and other former Cornell 4-H members.



My Finish is Your Fortune

I AM Doddy, the steer. I am the source of sirloin, producer of porterhouse. For a slice of my steak, homesick sailors give their first hour of shore leave, defer their first date. No longer the bully beef of other wars, but palatable though preserved in concentrated form, my flesh furnishes field rations for fighting men on a dozen far-flung fronts.

No other animal offers meat so acceptable to so many of the earth's peoples. No other is able to make such balanced use of grass, dry forage and corn, to utilize so fully every feed that grows on the farm. No other kind of livestock has played so prominent and so picturesque a role in the rivalries of farm youth nor contributed more toward its achievement.

The opportunity I offer you comes from a heritage of freedom . . . freedom of breeds and breeders to vie with one another in bringing forth the best . . . freedom to receive recognition and reward in proportion to the perfection of their product and its appeal to the purchaser . . . freedom to own and control property, freedom to risk it against the promise that it may multiply.

Into your hands is now entrusted that heritage. It is for you to foster and extend the principles of individual opportunity whereby a new land became the world's greatest nation in less than two centuries.

★ ★ ★

From those freedoms to venture and invent, to produce and to profit, came the farm machinery which makes the American farmer the most productive and prosperous in all the world, and at the same time enables him to feed all the people at the highest level of nutrition and at the lowest percentage of their incomes. To preserve those freedoms and employ them for creation of ever-greater farm equipment is the policy and purpose of this company. J. I. Case Co., Racine, Wis.

CASE



SERVING AGRICULTURE *Since 1842* IN PEACE AND WAR

Cornell Homemaker

Leadership Training Conference

Sponsored by the new W.S.G.A. Activities Council, a Leadership Conference for all Cornell women was held March 17th and 18th. Because of acceleration, younger women are being asked to fill responsible executive positions. The women of the campus are being asked to demonstrate their ability and competence as leaders and as responsible members of campus organizations, and to prepare for larger responsibilities in community life and citizenship.

This conference was offered to all women on the campus with the hope that they would use it as a tool for greater skill, effectiveness and understanding of the problems of leadership.

The program for Saturday, March 18th, included a student panel with Maralyn Winsor speaking on "Parliamentary Procedure", Eleanor Dickie on "Personal Characteristics of a Leader" and "Group Psychology", by Midge Underwood. This panel was followed by discussion groups for girls who are already leaders and members of activities. On Sunday, Miss Mary Donlon was guest speaker and a tea followed.

On Acceleration

The students of the College of Home Economics were asked to fill out questionnaires on their opinions on the accelerated program. Many of the students replied that they were more tired and that the lack of summer earnings placed a financial drain on their families. The latter is offset by a shorter time in school before going to work.

Dean Sarah Blanding looks at the disadvantages of acceleration as listed by the students as a proof of the softness of the American people in general. She thinks that acceleration is an excellent opportunity for students to learn to harden themselves.

In reply to the student's "We'll be immature when we graduate," Miss Blanding says, "We are living in wartime, a maturing process in itself. The need for an acceleration plan is acute and it will continue until the war is won."



Eleanor Dickie '45

Friendly, active, capable and understanding—this is Eleanor Dickie, our new president of W.S.G.A. "Dickie's" active part in campus activities has made her the sincere friend of many who have worked with her and known her.

Dickie started college life with three rollicking days at Freshmen Camp. These were happy days because the freshmen had a chance to meet and make friends with many of the faculty and upperclassmen. After arriving on campus as a Home Ec freshman, she took an active part in C.U.R.W.'s Freshmen Discussion Group, the Women's Glee Club and the Risley Basketball team. She was also elected as Song Leader of the Class of '45. Dickie returned to Freshmen Camp, but this time as a counselor. She led the singing, blew the bugle, and had a wonderful time. During her sophomore year, she was president of 9 East Avenue, a cottage which she helped make more like home for 15 new freshmen. She was chairman of the cottage division of C-for-V, and a member of the Sophomore Cotillion Committee. As a junior, Dickie became a member of Raven and Serpent, junior women's honorary society. This was a busy year for her, for she was not only Chairman of Freshmen Orientation, but also president of Risley, on the W.S.G.A. executive committee and the Student Council. She spent

the second term of this year at the Merrill-Palmer School for Child Development in Detroit.

In social life, Eleanor Dickie is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. Leading group singing is one of her favorite occupations. This is really an art, and as many who have sung with her know, she is an expert. Out door sports are her other favorite pastimes.

Top honor came when the women of Cornell placed their trust in her by electing her president of their W.S.G.A. Mortar Board, recognizing her outstanding qualities of scholarship, leadership and service, handed her their candle in the impressive tapping ceremony.

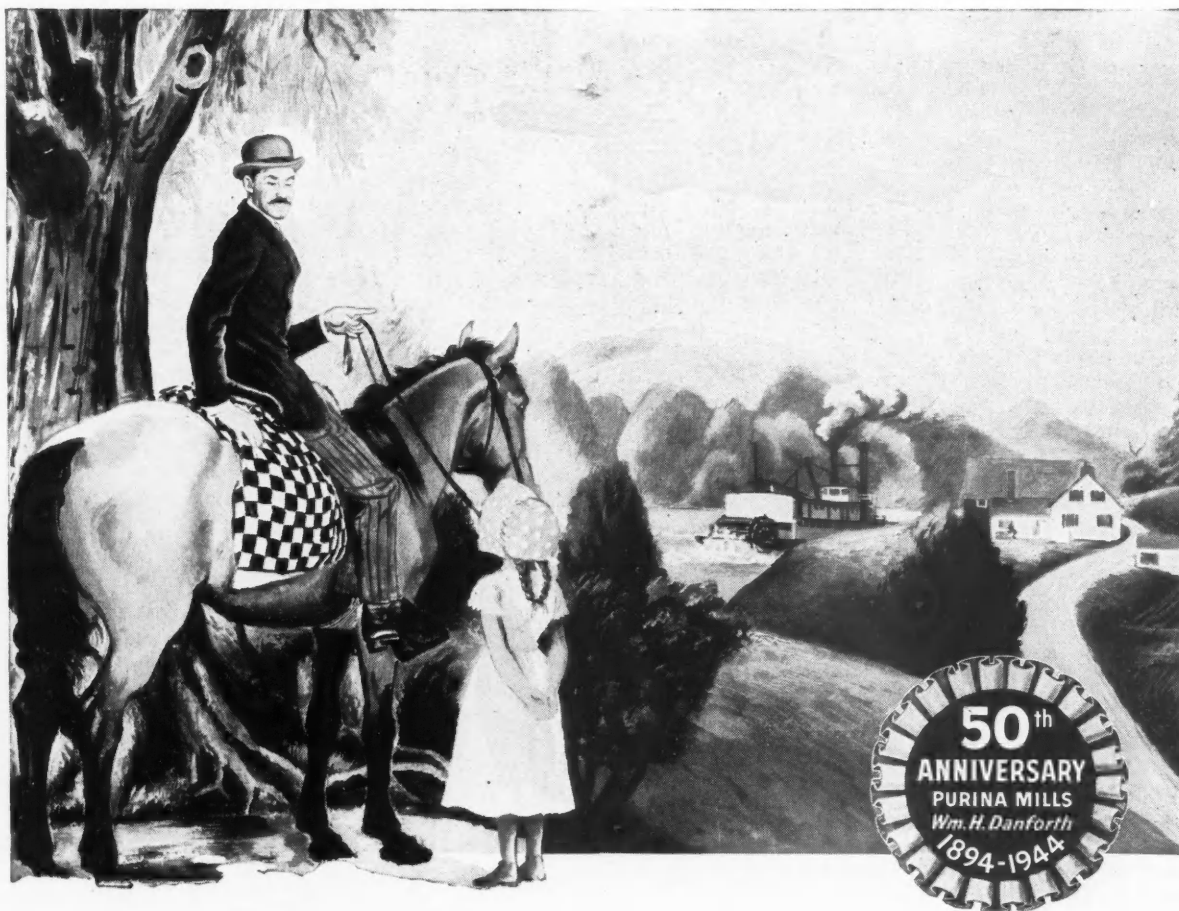
After working for a year following graduation from high school in White Plains, New York, she entered the College of Home Economics where she decided to major in Family Life. She waited table in Risley and Sage her first two years. During her sophomore year she was awarded the Omicron Nu Scholarship.

Dickie's main interest lies in Child Welfare work. She hopes to continue her education in a graduate school of social work.

Pi Lambda Theta Elects

Miss Ann Aikin, president of Pi Lambda Theta, national honorary society for women in education, announced the names of the following initiates in the society:

Marjorie Beha
Dorothy May Bigger
Kathleen Pierce Bonsteel
Henrieta Burgott
Mildred Horn Colvin
Rosetta Deni
Eleanor Dickie
Erna Fox
Alice Hall
Ruth Henne
Ruth Highberger
Lois Hill
Margaret Hollister
Kathleen Johnston
Nell Ann Judson Seefelt
Jean Kresge
Dorothy Lyon
Olive McWilliams
Eloise Proper
Rita Schoff
Alma Schwenk
Shirley Smith



In the Gay 90's a frequent caller on farmers and planters along the Mississippi was Will Danforth—a young man with a new idea. This idea was a better way to feed mules... a commercial feed, ready-mixed, to help keep mules in condition and working hard.

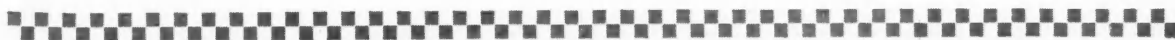
At regular intervals he would make a trip on horseback down the river to help mule owners with their feeding problems. He'd carry along samples of his new feed, take orders and ride back to his tiny St. Louis mill where he'd super-

vise the mixing of the feed which would then be delivered by river boat. Because Will Danforth's mule feed did the job, his idea grew, and soon Purina became popular on more and more farms.

As his company grew, Will Danforth saw to it that his early practice of calling on farmers to give them helpful feeding service right on their farms was continued. And as a *special* wartime job, Purina Dealers since last June have made 300,000 on-the-farm calls to help farmers s-t-r-e-t-c-h their feed supplies to produce more Food for Victory.

PURINA MILLS

and 7,000 Purina Dealers the Country Over



Former Student Notes

'92

Another Johnny Appleseed! We're speaking about Henry Hicks, proprietor of the 350-acre Hicks Nurseries at Westbury, Long Island. For over fifty years now he has worked for more and better gardens and has devoted his life to the development of new plants that will thrive in America. Andrew S. Wing has described him as both a teacher and a crusader in an article "Henry Hicks, Missionary," which appeared in *Nature* magazine for December, 1943.

'14

Charles H. Ballou, well-known entomologist, is a professor at the Escuela Superior de Agricultura and chief of the department of entomology Institute Experimental de Agricultura, Venezuela. Ballou has worked in this capacity for the United States, Cuba, Columbia, and Costa Rica.

'17

H. Andrew Hanemann was recently elected director of the Cooperative Fertilizer Service, Inc., at Harrisburg, Pa. He is also general manager and director of distribution of the Pennsylvania Farm Bureau Cooperative Association.

'18

Louis Bromfield has written an article on "The Mason Place" for the February issue of the *Rotarian*. The Mason place is a neglected and run-down farm and Bromfield is restoring it to rich productivity. Bromfield's story shows the need to study and apply soil conservation in the future. A summary of the article appeared in *Reader's Digest*.

'23

Stan Munro is way down south in Richmond, acting as state supervisor of the Food Distribution Administration for Virginia. After managing a farm for Professor G. P. Scoville in Ithaca, Stan spent five years in Pennsylvania, two and a half years in Texas, and another two in Mississippi. His new job is endlessly changing, but that, says Stan, is what keeps it from upsetting him.

'27

Leo Blanding is back at his old job with the Federal Land Bank in Springfield, Mass., after receiving a medical discharge from the Army.

'29

J. Victor Skiff has been appointed Deputy Conservation Commissioner of New York State. Up until February Skiff had been State Superintendent of Inland Fisheries and also Superintendent of Game.

Lieutenant Marian A. Irvine, Army Nurse Corps, has taken over duties at Rhoads Military Hospital in Utica, New York. Before entering the service, she was dietitian at Sage College and later had charge of the Department of Residential Halls plant at East Ithaca.



'33

Ensign Benjamin Bigelow, USNR, was married last April to Ann Lehr of New York City. The Bigelows are keeping the family strictly Navy, it seems, for Ann has joined the WAVES.

'35

George Wattle, Jr., has been promoted to Corporal in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery. At present he is stationed at Camp Haan, California.

'36

First Lieutenant Edward S. Munger, Army Air Corps, is serving with a photo squadron at Peterson Field, Colorado Spring, Colorado.

James McDonald has gone to Kingstree, South Carolina, for four months to work on the "flatwoods" section of that state. He is making a soil map of some 42,000 acres of land showing the location of the drained soils in order to determine whether it is advisable to drain the land for crop production. Up until this time McDonald was in charge of soil mapping in Oneida and Madison counties.

'37

Avery D. Gentle is working with the State War Manpower Commission in Albany.

'38

Lieutenant Michael J. Strok is "riding high" these days. And he has reason to be. While serving with the Army Air Force in Italy he flew Life photographer Margaret-Bourke White '27 over the front lines so that she could get some bird's-eye pictures of the battle areas. When the photographs were released in the February 14 issue of *Life*, Mike's picture was among them. People are finding it difficult to buy the particular issue of the magazine. Did Mike get all of them?

Alden Jones has left the biological service of TVA in Tennessee and is now working at General Electric in Schenectady as a priorities clerk in the radio transmitter division.

You don't have to be in the Army to get around these days! Just ask Charlie Nearing. Up until June 1942 he taught agriculture in Sharon Springs. From there he went to Curtiss Wright in Buffalo as a machine-shop inspector. After testing airplane engines at Caldwell Airport, N. J., he spent the summer on his farm in Otsego County. Latest reports are that he is teaching again in East Bloomfield.

Lieutenant Bill Barnum is plenty proud these days, proud of his younger brother Gene who is in England flying a Thunderbolt. And he certainly has a right to be, for Gene was awarded the Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Distinguished Flying Cross!

W. Theodore Prescott is doing a fine job as editor of "The Holstein-Friesian World," a magazine intended for all cattle owners.

Ensign Jerome K. Pasto was "top man" in his class in aerial gunnery school at Pensacola and fourth in target shooting with a shotgun. With a record like that aimed at them, the old partridges on the farm better look out!

Lieutenant Paul M. Kelsey has been transferred to Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, to instruct in pack artillery. He is the son of Professor Lincoln D. Kelsey, Extension.

Veronica Van Marter is doing accounting work at the Cooperative GLF Farm Products Company in Ithaca.

Both Lew Mix and Norman Allen gave up their Army uniforms and donned overalls again to work on their home farms. Someone had to grow the food to keep their "buddies" going.

Man with a Mission



The farmer of tomorrow

Today the whole world watches him anxiously in his struggle to ease the hungry calls for **FOOD**. The war has served to bring out his importance but this importance itself is nothing new, for agriculture has always been the foundation stone of our nation. The needs of the future mark the farmer as a **MAN WITH A MISSION**.

We now know that there has never been enough food for all . . . that so-called "surpluses" were the result of poor distribution. The farmer must not only provide enough to give millions more people a proper diet, but also enough to keep pace with the demands of a continually rising standard of living, and an industry which will use more and more products of the farm.

And while the world of the future gives greater tasks to the farmer,

it will also give him a steadily rising standard of living by providing an expanding market . . . a more dependable market . . . more assurance of a profit for a job well done.

As the farmer works the soil so that it bears more and more, he, at the same time will carefully preserve its wealth and prevent erosion. He realizes that he simply holds the land in trust for the welfare of the nation and will increase the soil's richness for succeeding generations.

To attain his full, just place in the world, the farmer must first have **MODERN FARM MACHINERY**.

For these reasons, The Farm Machinery Dealer of the future may well be the leading business man in his community.

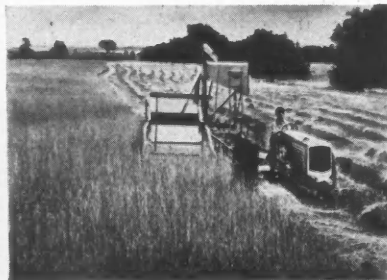
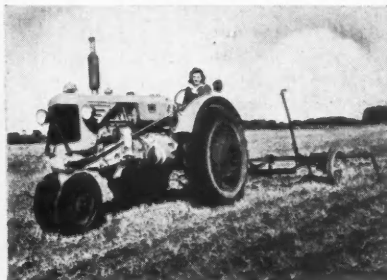
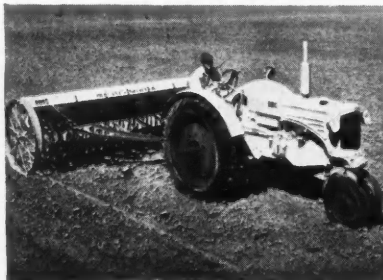
Get all Scrap into **THE BIG SCRAP NOW**.

Back the Attack—Buy War Savings Bonds and Keep 'Em.



MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE POWER IMPLEMENT COMPANY

MINNEAPOLIS 1, MINNESOTA, U. S. A.



Former Student Notes

'39

While on leave from duty in the Pacific, Ensign Robert W. Markham, USNR, came back to see his old Alma Mater. Bob, a pilot, has really been in the thick of things. He was stationed at Pearl Harbor, the Ellice Islands, Samoa, Tadawa, and the Marshalls.

'40

Captain Warren W. Hawley III is somewhere in England serving with the Tank Corps. He is the son of Warren W. Hawley, Jr., '14, president of the New York State Farm Bureau Federation.

Katherine Ball, now Mrs. Smiley, is in charge of the Guernsey Isle Restaurant at Syracuse, New York. In her senior year at Cornell, Kay was vice-president of her class.

'41

Darwin L. Hinsdale, Army Air Corps, was promoted to the rank of captain last December. He is group communications officer with headquarters at Hunter Field, Georgia.

Helen L. Brougham is a county home demonstration agent in Cobleskill.

'42

Beverly M. Phifer is dietitian at Hotel Pittsburg in Pennsylvania. She recently announced her engagement to PFC William S. Walters, medical student at the University of Pittsburgh.

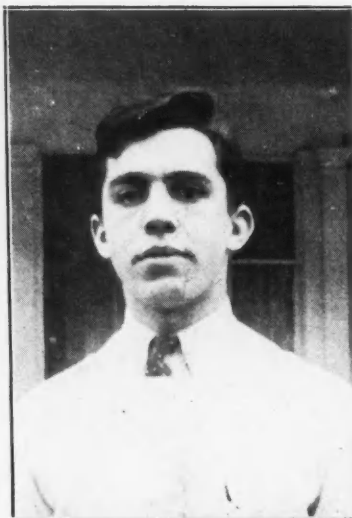
Manning W. Gould was married to Virginia LaBar on January 30. Gould is superintendent of the University's Warren Farm.

Dick Pendleton is still at Cornell doing graduate work in entomology. He can almost always be found at Comstock Hall. We do believe that next to home he likes it there the best!

Bob Laden is discovering what a huge place this country really is since he entered the Army. He has traveled a great deal, but there are still some places he would like to visit at his own leisure. We certainly hope that time isn't too far off . . .

"Far above Cayuga's waters" in Sage Chapel Edith Sheffield married John D. Lesure. The couple are living in Ithaca, and Edith is assistant foods supervisor of the Navy Mess Hall at Cornell.

An unconfirmed report has reached us that First Lieutenant John B. Kernochan of the Army Air Force, believed missing in action, is a prisoner of war in Germany. The message was sent to his mother in December.



Frank Nearing '42

Frank Nearing is teaching agriculture at Hammond in St. Lawrence County. While teaching others what he knows, he is learning a lot that he couldn't find in a college text. That is what makes his work enjoyable.

Robert E. Wingert was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Force after graduation from the flying field at Aloe, Texas.

'43

Steve Putnam is assistant county agent in Niagara County. He began his new job in February and is working mainly on fruit.

'44

Jeanne Copeland recently started work with the Country Gentleman. She tests recipes sent in by readers and also writes a column in the magazine. She says her job is lots of fun, and we can believe it. They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. It must have worked with Jeanne; she's soon going to marry Ensign P. V. Johnson '43.

Martha Edson, former vice-president of WSGA, is in Ithaca High School in charge of the cafeteria there.

Out of classes as students and into them as teachers! So it was with these girls a few weeks after February graduation: B. J. Bockstedt in Odessa, New York; Virginia Corwith in Plainfield, New Jersey; Marion Frone in Greene; and Hazel Ross in Beaver

Falls. Marion Stout has gone to Middleburgh, Phyllis Stout to Freeville, and Alice Douglass to Spencer.

Helen Griffith has gone to Strong Memorial Hospital to assume her duties as assistant dietitian there.

Sigma Kappa sorority house was the scene of another wedding on March 4, when Myra Morris took Durwood Carman of Poland, New York "for better or for worse" in a double-ring ceremony. Mrs. Robert Shod, the former Eunice Shepard '44, was maid of honor. The highlight of the event was the sight of the newlyweds driving off in a car with old shoes and tin cans dangling on a string from behind and a sign on the door which read: "Just married; watch Poland grow!" After a short honeymoon, Myra will start work at the new industrial cafeteria at the General Cable Company.

Virginia Smith has gone to Elmira to accept a position in a division of extension, the Emergency Food Commission.

Priscilla Landis will remain in the College of Home Economics, but not as a student. She will be an assistant to Miss Rollins in the Economics of the Household Department.

Barbara Whitmore is a child welfare apprentice for the New York State Department of Child Welfare. She is being trained at a school for social workers.

Rebecca Harrison has accepted a position as assistant nursery school teacher at a settlement house in Detroit where she has just completed training at Merrill Palmer.

Kay McDowell is now a student dietitian at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. Kay says the work is hard, but always interesting.

Jean Waterbury, too, is taking a student dietitian course at Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit.

'45

Nelle Ann Judson and PFC Arnold R. Seefeldt '44 were married in Sage Chapel in February. Seefeldt is at the University awaiting entrance into officer candidate school. The couple are living at 114 Highland Place, Ithaca.

'46

Janet E. Sutherland started the new year in a memorable way when she married Ensign Robert R. Clement '43, USNR, in Middletown.



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THAN FINE
INGREDIENTS

WHEN YOU BUY
BEACON
CHICK STARTER . . .



Back of every bag of the famous Beacon Complete Starting Ration there are years of scientific experiment and research by leaders in poultry nutrition. Side by side with this scientific knowledge is the down-to-earth know-how of practical poultrymen, whose life business it is to grow chicks under the same conditions *your* chicks must weather.

This fund of practical and technical knowledge makes it possible for Beacon to meet wartime restrictions better, by the wise adjustment of formulas to compensate for scarce or unavailable ingredients. That's why today Beacon's Complete Starting Ration is practically equal in biological efficiency to the prewar product. What-

ever the future may hold in the way of further restrictions, you can rely on the one unchanging fact that Beacon will bring you the best feeds it's humanly possible for us to make from the raw materials available.

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★ Before making plans for baby chicks, be sure to see how much feed your Beacon dealer will be able to sell you. We are doing our level best to keep him supplied, but there simply isn't enough to fill all orders.

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He Drives a Weapon

IN THE FIELDS at home, and on foreign battlefields—farmers are driving the machines of war.

Nearly two million farm boys are in the Armed Forces. Their weapons are tanks... anti-aircraft guns... powerful crawler tractors... and the great engines in the bombers.

Here at home, in history's greatest battle for FOOD, every farm machine is mobilized. This year every tractor operator drives a weapon in the war for Victory and Freedom—and the greatest of these weapons is FARMALL All-Purpose Power.

Just twenty years ago International Harvester announced the original Farmall—the first true all-purpose tractor. The Farmall idea—a *unification of working tools and power*—swept the country. For the first time the farmer had power that could do all the work of

horses... faster, better, and at lower cost. Today there are horseless farms wherever you go. Today millions of farmers have learned the efficiency, the economy and the ease of farming with the modern FARMALL SYSTEM.

Today the boys in uniform have reason to be glad that an army of Farmalls is waging a war of production on the home front. These most popular of all tractors, and the long line of Farmall machines, are bearing a major part of Agriculture's record burden.

When the young farmers return with their Victory they must take over and carry on. Food must write the Peace and make it last. Harvester and the INTERNATIONAL dealers, and the modern FARMALL SYSTEM, will arm them for the needs of post-war Agriculture.

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... and the FARMALL fights for food!

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